



THE BABY POETESS

MRS. JESSIE BEACH



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MRS. JESSIE BEACH

THE BABY POETESS

A BOOK OF NEW POEMS

BY

MRS. JESSIE BEACH

The Lake County Poetess



PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

MRS. JESSIE BEACH

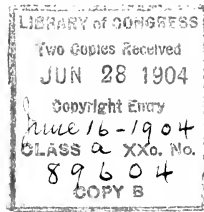
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INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.

I take pleasure in introducing this little volume to the reading public. It will not be necessary for me to make any comment on the book, as it speaks for itself. However, I will say a few words of myself. After passing sixty-one years of life (forty-three in California), I discovered a little poetical talent that had been idly lurking in the chambers of my brain all those years. It was a delightful discovery to me, as I have been an awful invalid for the last thirteen years, widowed early in life and since my invalidism father and mother have died, which has left me more lonely. But since Christmas, 1902, the muse has been with me, and I am delightfully happy. I consider my muse or the spirit of poetry as a gift from Heaven, and a great comfort to me in my almost helpless condition, and so wonderful coming thus late in life.

The woman is old, and the muse is so young,
But euphony often comes quick to the tongue;
That ambitious babe is climbing the stair,
With a measure of health she is sure to get there.

The muse is so young, hence the name of the book, "Baby Poetess." I am alone a great deal, the muse loves solitude, what I write is from inspiration. I have quite a number of unfinished poems, which I intend to finish as soon as possible, and have published in a book called the "Rippling Rill." I will endeavor to have it good, restful and entertaining. Hoping that a generous public will appreciate my efforts to please and entertain them.

MRS. JESSIE BEACH.
Lakeport, Cal.

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THE BABY POETESS

A BOOK OF NEW POEMS



A FEW LINES TO SUN AND CLOUDS.

Ye gay and gallant cohorts! hast thou come
With spreading banners to escort the setting sun,
Decked in all thy gorgeous array,
To say "Good Night" to the King of Day?
Some are in rainbow shades, mixed with white;
Others are in robes of vermilion bright.

Gay clouds! dost thou think it an imperative duty,
To press on the world a sense of thy beauty?
We admire thy pageantry, it is true,
For thou givest a charm to the earthly view;
But when Sol has entirely covered his head,
Gone behind the curtain, and into his bed,

Then, then ye change your brilliant hue
To a dull, tintless shade, on the canopy blue.
Then we look up and whisper, "It appears
They borrowed their brightness, those gay cavaliers,"
Pray don't look so gloomy and sad overhead,
For the sun's only napping, asleep in his bed.

In the morning he'll draw the curtain aside,
And go like a bridegroom to meet his bride;
Sometimes you are there in a troop to meet,
In your red coats, crouching round his feet;
We look oft with a frown, on that gallant array
Obscuring the sun, at the new edge of day.

But when we are thirsty, and wanting a drink,
We look up with joy and say "I think
We'll soon have rain, 'tis plain to see,
For there they are gathering so gallantly."
The earth is sure to be refreshed with rain,
And the farmers blessed with heavier grain.

Bright, fleecy clouds, just swallow your pride,
Stand back, when the king in his chariot rides,
In the might of his glory, ye dare not intrude,
For the heat of his wrath, destroy you it would;
You'll have to give way when he waves his wand,
And vanish in vapor at his command.

O beautiful clouds! O glorious sun,
Thine equal in nature there is none,
Of the gifts of God, there is One far above
For he sent to us the Son of His love,
But we, like the clouds, are passing away,
And, redeemed, we will praise Him for ever and aye.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

Great souls out in the desert alone,
Where there is no human voice or moan,
But within the heart there is a tone,
 The still, small voice of God.

The rapt soul hears the musical sound,
In all things above and on the ground,
In the infinite gifts spread all around,
 On this vast terrene sod.

That far reaching tone comes from on high,
'Twas heard when the stars sang in the sky,
And in awful sounds on Sinai,
 The still small voice of God.

That whispering sound is heard on the sea,
And amid the leaves of the towering tree,
And in fragrant flowers that grow from the
 Ripe seeds in bud or pod.

'Tis heard in caves, caverns and bowers,
It is in the rains, refreshing showers,
It echoes through hills and mountain towers,
 The still small voice of God.

'Tis heard on the wilds and on the moor,
And when the simoon roams the desert o'er,
And when winds, through forest trees do roar
 They bow their heads and nod.

COUSIN MARY'S BIRDS.

She went to South America with her parents in 1865. Her father, A. McLean, was a pioneer and colonizer of the California colony in the Argentine Republic. Her children all spoke the Spanish language.

Mary! O Mary dear, my child,
Where did you get those birdlings wild?
From their nest in the willow tree?
In this cage, they will sing for me.
O child, turn loose the birdlings rare,
They were made to soar in sunny air;
Don't you see the fledgling's growing wings?
Put them back where their mother sings.

Laughingly she answered no, indeed,
I love them, I will give them seed;
I'll tend with care, and give them names,
I'll call one Fanny, the other James.
Don't you hear the mother's plaintive lay?
She mourns for her birdlets all the day.
Do you think the captives' song will be
Tuneful as the notes of the free?

The young birds missed their mother's voice,
The food they got was not her choice,
They drooped their wings, those fledglings rare,
And Mary was in deep despair.
Every comfort she tried to give,
But still the captives could not live,
They passed away, they were no more;
The girlie was sadder than before.

She buried them in the garden plot,
And planted there a for-get-me-not,
Long years ago she left this strand,
With parents, she went to a distant land.
In that far clime she has her home,
Her nest is full, she is not alone,
Some of her children have been called away
To sing on the shores of eternal day.

In the sunny clime, where her children play,
Their trills are in a foreign lay;
Accent and words of her children young,
Are all in the tuneful Latin tongue.
She tells them of her youth in Cala.,
Of its hills, dells and mountain valleys;
Of the giant trees and the bright flowers,
And the song birds singing in the bowers.

OUR OLD HOME.

My muse has gone up past the head of the lake,
To our old home some views of its beauty to take;
The lake is lovely, and the shore is sublime,
There nature is enchanting, lavish, divine;
There's towering high mountains on the east and west,
They are clothed in beauty gorgeously dressed.

They are very good neighbors, they never change,
Those ancient patriarchs of the ocean range;
That old homestead ranch spreads across the valley,
A clear stream runs through part of it like an alley.
Its banks are draped with vines and pussy willows,
When spring freshets come, it is up with billows.

That stream is refreshing for man, birds, beasts and
bees;
It sings a low, sweet, murmuring song to the trees.
That dear old home, with parents and children nine,
It is stamped on memory's page lovely, sublime.
We looked up to father like a king on the throne,
And to mother so kind, and so gentle her tone.

We'd a grape vine arbor, where the children played,
And the mocking bird chanted a song in its shade;
There was a woodland full, forty acres wide,
The monarchs of the forest stood there in their pride,
And still they lift their lofty heads upon high,
With green leaves they shut out the sun and the sky.

And those grand, old scions of a lordly race,
Lock their arms over head in a loving embrace,
They make a grateful shade and support the vine,
Give a home to the birds and food to the swine,
And those giant oak trees, I assure you it is true,
I have seen dripping from their leaves the honey dew.

In their shade grew rank the wild blackberry vine,
For pies the vine of culture is never so fine,
All nature charms around that old home estate,
And the good high rail fence and the drawbar gate.
On vines climbing the fence by the woodland lot,
There the latest berries we have often got.

And the good old orchard, with its wealth of bloom,
The early apples came with a blush in June;
Others came later, their flavor was fine 'twas said,
There were wine saps and greenings, and astricans red;
The plums and the peaches came in with the rest,
That old orchard brought forth the sweetest and best.

Peaches there were, Muirs, Crawfords and Susquehannas

The strawberry peach and the peach bananas—
The grapes from the vineyard, they came in good time,
Delicious and sweet, for the table most fine,
The Tokays, black Hamburgs and choice Muscatel,
Sultanas came with the red wine grape Zinfandel.

That lovely old home, with its scenery so fine,
Five of the children went to school at one time,
And returned full of laughter, joy, mirth and song,
The days passed too quickly, they never seemed long,
The chores on the farm were a pleasure to do,
And the cows they came home with the falling dew.

The barns full each autumn of sweet, fragrant hay ;
Chickens, turkeys and Guinea fowl sang a loud lay.
The fine bred horses, I'll call some by their name,
So proud was their step, and so lofty their mein.
There was Fred and Harlow with Cleve and Boon,
Sorrel so good, old Bill I'll not forget soon.

We've drove with them o'er the hills and through the
vales,

And they carried us over the mountain trails ;
It was pleasant to go for a carriage ride,
With father and mother sitting down by our side,
It enhanced the pleasure of the good old home,
I have thought of the song, I'll never more roam.

The ranch, the house, the scenery is still the same,
Those enchanting views, would give a painter fame,
But the grand old man, we miss his kindly look,
His chair is vacant, he sits not in the ingle nook ;
There's a change, a stranger's voice is in the hall,
And the ring dove has a sad and mournful call.

Our dear old father has passed from earth away,
His time had come, here he could no longer stay,
Mother for fifty-seven years his joy and pride
Soon followed him and she lies near by his side,
And we, too, soon will return to God our breath,
With a smile we will meet the angel of death.

But there's duties for all in this beautiful world,
Banners of kindness we should keep them unfurled.
We should never be wishing or want to go away,
For God knows best, about the length of our stay ;
A little more pain, disappointment and grief,
With supreme trust in God, you will find relief.

THE HERMIT.

I met the hermit at Harbin Springs, Lake County, a few years ago; they told me he had a picturesque retreat in a lovely dell near the top of the mountain, a mile or two above the Springs.

Gone from the haunts of men,
Up to the mountain glen,
Is the recluse.
He hears the sighing breeze,
Whispering through the trees,
There, with the humming birds and bees,
Is the recluse.

There, in the wilds afar—
Watching the evening star,
In solitude.
Near are the mountains great,
Like ambassadors of state,
Far away from strife, pride and hate,
In solitude.

There in cave or cavern,
More tranquil than tavern,
 Is the hermit.
With music of the hills,
The gushing mountain rills,
Away from human wrongs and ills,
 Is the hermit.

Up in the hills of God,
Among the pines that nod,
 Is the lone one.
There, with great thoughts, and good
In rapture where he stood,
Amid inspiring solitude,
 Is the lone one.

THE MUSE AND I.

This little muse that is with me,
I know she came from above,
'Twas late in life when she came
To stay with me like a dove,
The great God, our Father, saw my tears,
And sent her down with His love.

For sixty years and more, of time,
My bark has been on the tide,
With masts and halyards broken,
I'm near to the other side,
For the dove brought a leaf from the shore,
And laid it down by my side.

As I said before, that goodly bark
Is failing aloft and alow—
With footsteps chained and fettered,
They have long refused to go,
The captain's eye on the beacon light,
The course o'er the tide doth know.

When the Lord God our Savior
Calls my soul from earth away,
With my house set in order
I am waiting for the day,
Submissive, with lamp trimmed and burning,
The last call—ready to obey.

THE INDIAN MOTHER'S DYING YELL.

Beautiful and bright the day had begun,
The hill tops were touched by the morning sun,
There was shouting and laughter and loud halloo,
For 'twas the hunters' starting rendezvous,—
There were five who appeared with jaunty air,
With sombreros tilted from foreheads fair.

The horses champing their bits where they stood,
Impatient to start for mountain and wood,
The hunters loading the backs, sang a song,
While adjusting the lariat and thong;
They were going out in the wilds afar,
Against the redmen they were making war.

For the Indians, they said it was true;
Had wantonly killed one of their crew;
They'd have revenge for the brother that bled,
And lay the Indians low with the dead,
The redmen had fled to the hills with fear,
They had killed in defense of loved ones dear.

The white men were taking their children away
To be their servants without any pay,
Or dispose of them in trade, or for gold,
For it was well known they were often sold;
The Indians had killed a man, it was said,
It gave those whites an excuse for a raid.

They started with horses laden with packs,
They were in search of the Indian's tracks,
A picnic they'd have, 'twas their way and habits,
Indians, they said, were just like rabbits,
And no more harm to shoot those heathen men,
Than 'twas to kill a wild goose or a hen.

They went through canyons and o'er mountains fair,
They were tracking Indians to their lair,
The rough, wild scenery was grand, 'twas fine,
The air exhilarating as ancient wine;
At their campfire there was laughter and song,
The horses seemed pleased as they galloped along.

They took great pleasure in hunting for game,
If they killed a grizzly'twould add to their fame,
They were in no hurry 'twas charming to them,
Riding o'er mountains, through valleys and glen;
In eight or ten days some traces they found,
Where the redmen had camped low on the ground.

In terror they'd fled to a canyon so deep,
They thought in safety there they might sleep,
'Twas a small valley walled in like a room,
With towering high mountains, trees, shadow and
 gloom,
The red men laid down to bivouac at night,
But sad was their fate in the morning sunlight.

The pale face had traced them down to their doom,
Stationed they were round that valley of gloom,
They thought it would be a deed of renown,
To save the children and not shoot them down;
They would capture and civilize the young,
And teach them to speak in a cultured tongue.

A young squaw preparing the morning meal,
And watching her child with a mother's zeal,
An ominous sound came on the balmy air,
And the mother gave a shriek of wild despair;
She jumped, made a leap as she gave the yell,
But a bullet pierced her heart e'er she fell.

In fearful terror the Indians fled,
Some of them in their flight were stopped by lead,
The caverned hills took note and record kept,
Of the awful deeds and where the dead ones slept,
The eagle and harpy know the place well,
They came not to mourn o'er dead ones who fell.

They captured a few of the children young,
To refine, forsooth, and teach them the cultured tongue,
Secured them on horses and started for home,
They crossed o'er canyons and mad rivers' foam,
The young grieved for parents and home wild and free,
The pleasures of culture they ne'er could see.

Winds have a wierd sound in that tragic dell,
The hills keep phonic echoes of the yell,
The mountains hold the dying mother's groan,
Howling blasts through that canyon wildly moan,
As if striking strings of some phantom lyre,
Which held the shrieks e'er the mother did expire.

MY SOLDIER BOY.

My boy asked for my consent to go
To the wars, to fight a foreign foe—
He, so patriotic and so young—
Consent with reluctance left my tongue,
The doctor's record said of him,
"He's sound in health, and of perfect limb."

And he went off to the wars away,
At home alone I was left to stay,
With others he sailed far o'er the sea,
Above them waved the flag of liberty,
Going to distant Manila Bay,
He was among the first in that affray.

For months he was on the firing line,
A scorching hot sun on them did shine,
He was in the fiercest of the fight,
And bivouaced in mud and rain at night,
From the heat and rains which caused them grief,
There was no refuge and no relief.

With fourteen comrades he volunteered to go
To dig an intrenchment before the foe,
Seven of them wounded and bleeding fell,
But he never flinched or gave a yell;
They campaigned in districts little known,
Fierce were the battles throughout Luzon.

Mules with the schrapnells he drove along,
And he sang a patriotic song,
Then the sun sent down its hottest ray,
Many fell, exhausted by the way,
From climatic effects sickness came, ,
Which thinned the ranks on the field of fame.

In hospital my soldier boy lay
In Manila, many a weary day,
In the City of Para he sailed o'er the foam,
Low in the hospital he came home,
They reached San Francisco that city fair,
To hospital in ambulance he's taken there.

Soon health returned on this golden shore,
But never good as it was of yore,
He got his papers from the field of fame,
With a wreath of glory round his name;
Ye warriors brave, keep your record high,
To my soldier boy, I'll say good bye.

THE TEN TALENTS.

He came over to this continent,
A bright, vigorous, youthful lad,
He brought all his talents with him,
They were the chief capital he had.

He had ten large o'erflowing talents,
Gifts of a munificent God,
He did not let them dormant lie,
But used them with great effect and good.

'Twas from our mother's country he came,
It's the home of those talents fine,
He planted them in this rich soil,
Where they so prolific grew in time.

Like the green tree beside the river,
With the wide spreading branches fair,
He nourished them with industry,
With diligence and a tactful care.

And with the giant intellect that he
Took away from his native land,
He embarked in enterprises,
International, colossal, grand.

Punctual and with ready foresight,
A leader in the council hall,
Of unblemished integrity,
With kindness and charity for all.

A fund he gave to his aged workmen,
To all those who were good and true;
To their widows and their weak ones,
And their little orphan children, too.

And now they are living in comfort,
Without worry or fret or cold,
Because they've a fund to draw from,
"A gift," millions and millions of gold.

In the beatitude of plenty,
Now in the evening of their days,
They've ample time to worship God,
To adore, venerate and give praise.

For those who are hungry for knowledge,
He provided in a generous way,
And the coming generations
Will be thankful for ever and aye.

And we hope that he will be with us
For many a long year to come,
To watch the mighty benefits,
And sing the beautiful "Harvest Home."

But he will return with interest,
Those most glorious talents, ten,
To the great God eternal, who
Stamped His image on the sons of men.

And when he lays on the bed of death,
Surrounded by the ones he loved,
With men renowned in science tending,
And angels watching him from above.

And when to this life he says good-bye,
And leaves the temple, "earthly clod,"
Angels will bear his spirit up,
Escort his soul to heaven and God.

And when they have reached the jasper walls,
The guard will open wide the gate,
And Gabriel with golden crown,
Will hasten to place it on his head.

God, Himself, will be there to greet him,
When before heaven's throne he stands;
Well done, good and faithful servant,
Sit thou with angels at my right hand.

TO MY COTTAGE HOME.

Nestling amid the green tree leaves,
That pretty cot was seen ;
When I reflect, my heart it grieves
To think of what has been.

With vines and trees to walk among,
Where song birds build their nest,
There they can sing and raise their young,
On K street on the west.

The trees sang a murmuring song,
And cheered us with their shade,
Most enchanting the whole day long,
Those gifts that God has made.

Of the creeping vines and the leafy trees,
The plants and blooming flowers,
Now I have only memories
Left of my hall and bowers.

Some time ago in a day of pain,
I sold that home away,
For Gilead's mountains I would gain,
Where balmy breezes play.

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN.

The Lord gave to Daniel wisdom, with tact and learning,
With justice to men, and love of God, his soul was yearning,
In Babylon a captive, far from his loved Judean land,
With integrity and wisdom he before earth's kings could stand;
With the Lord God of heaven he was in counsel every day,
To the fountain head of knowledge 'twas his delight to pray.

King Darius found in him a mind most excellent and just,
Above presidents and princes he set him high in trust;
Which filled the pagan lords and princes with jealousy and hate,
And set their minds to scheming how they might seal his fate.
So they made a law that no one should for the space of thirty days,
Lift his voice to any god in petition, prayer or praise.

Excepting to thyself, O king, no prayer or praise shall
be,
No one shall lift his voice to God, and none shall bend
the knee,
This law most sacred shall be kept by all the sons of
men,
All who violate shall be cast into the lion's den.
When as law 'twas written, finished, they brought it to
the king,
That as fixed statute he might sign and seal it with
his ring.

Unwarily the king did sign the writing, the decree,
But Daniel, as aforetime, he bent to God his knee,
His watchful foes said to the king, "Thy laws he don't
obey,
Unmindful of thy statute we heard his voice in prayer
to-day."
The king with himself was sore displeased, grieved
was his heart within,
For he respected Daniel and wished to succor him.

He labored hard to save him until the close of day,
Then cast him to the lions roaring and raging for their
prey,
Saying, "The mighty God thou servest, He will deliver
thee,"
But his heart was full of trouble for signing that
decree.
That night no music charmed his ear, but tossing on
his bed,
No rich, rare viands him could soothe, sleep from his
eyelids fled.

He rose early the next morning to seek the lion's den,
To see if Daniel was among the living sons of men.
He cried in grief, "Hast the Lord, thy God of Zion
Been able to deliver thee from the raging lion?"
Then Daniel in answer said, "O king live forever,
The Lord, the great Omnipotent, forsakes His chil-
dren never.

“My God hath sent an angel down, the lions filled
with fear,

He shut their mouths; to injure me, they dare not
once come near.”

Then was the king exceeding glad, the happiest of men,
And straightway ordered Daniel taken out from the
den;

Then gave command to cast his foes into the lion’s
power,

Which in an instant broke their bones and them they
did devour.

Darius to the nations wrote, saying, “Peace be unto
thee,

To all people of my kingdom I send forth a decree,
In all parts of my realm the living God they shall re-
vere;

Before the God of Daniel they shall stand awed with
fear,

For He is the Omnipotent, and forever more the same,
To Heaven’s enduring majesty give glory to His
name.”

TO MY MOTHER.

Beautiful remembrance thou art my companion still,
Thy jeweled treasures many a page would fill,
In the sunny vales of childhood a loving voice I hear,
It is the tuneful tones of my mother dear.

In childhood when I with sisters and brothers played,
It was her watchful care that we never strayed;
Remembered is the counsel and kind words she said,
And the little prayer when we went to bed.

When we resigned ourselves to God's care in sleep,
Well assured that He a watch over us would keep,
The proverbs and the sayings that to me she taught,
Are now returning with all their true meaning fraught.

Often in the twilight hour thy tuneful voice I hear,
Echoes keep the cradle song that soothed my infant ear,
The chosen books from which my youthful mind was
taught,
Gleams on each lettered page, the mother's careful
thought.

The pictured stories she would describe, and tell
About tumbling cataracts and the mountain dell;
The lion in the jungle, and the tiger wild,
And about the lost one, the parents' only child.

Memory keeps the record of what she said and seen,
She was wed about the same time as her lovely queen,
Like Victoria, nine children came to bless her lot,
The renowned queen's example she ne'er had forgot.

If a cloud of trouble came, she saw the silver lining.
Submitting to heaven's will without repining,
To brighten the lives of others she did presume,
Her words were of comfort, her face spoke not of
gloom.

With the pure lace cap, "like coronet on her brow,"
Her face and form is a cherished memory now;
Fifty-seven years my father was her strength and
tower,
She leaned on his strong, right arm like a vine or
a flower.

A cheerful companion, friend, counselor and wife,
Her amiable temper made sunshine through her life;
The choicest fragrant flowers she would pluck for me,
Her lovely manner excelled the rose from the tree.

In times of sickness her cheerful voice I can hear,
"When the weather turns warm you'll be better my
dear,"

She was kind to the Indians and to the poor,
And never sent the hungry away from her door.

Although more than four score years passed o'er her
head,

Traces of beauty lingered with lightness of her tread,
There's rainy days of sorrow in each life below,
Mingled in her cup of life there were dregs of woe.

'Tis fresh in my mind when father was called away,
In the voiceless home of death they laid his clay,
I know her resignation when she was left alone,
Her kindness to the children, and the sympathetic tone.

Each day her life companion she missed more and
more,

The children failed in soothing the heart that was sore,
'Twas sad to see the pale face and the tearless eye,
In a few months she joined him and was laid near by.

Gone to thy blissful abode in the heavenly sphere,
Thy sayings and precepts are left to loved ones here,
In faith, hope and charity thy standard was high,
A model to live by, an example to die.

In my long sickness I've missed you my mother,
But thou art in my mind most lovely all together,
I find roses and flowerets all along life's way,
To cheer me till I've gone from the shores of time and
day.

Thou gavest me in part thy disposition as a boon,
To brighten every day of life till I reach the tomb,
Thy moral Christian teachings and the love of God,
Shall be my guide until my soul has left the clod.

"THE TIDAL WAVE."

There was a fearful cyclone and a tidal wave
Passed o'er the islands whose shores the ocean lave,
In the south seas where the simoon roams, near Tahiti,
The loss of life and property—O, it was such a pity.
Nine hundred of the inhabitants from life were swept
away,
Amid the stormy waves they could not live or stay,
The ocean sings a requiem o'er their silent sleep,
Among the shells and corals—their tomb is in the deep.

A few their lives did save by clinging to stumps and
trees,
With ropes around their bodies they baffled with the
seas,
The storm and the billows buffeted them where they
were tied;
Homes, food, clothing, everything was washed away
by the tide.
No tongue can tell the agony of those nights and days,
Tied to stumps and trees, and battling with the waves,
We can't describe their hunger, thirst, or realize their
pain,
Nor depict their sorrow, when they failed to catch the
rain.

When the awful tornado had ceased to blow,
And the waves had gone back to the ocean below,
The survivors were threatened with another grief
From the foul odors that were floating, there was no
relief.

For there were none of them able to bury their dead;
They were weak and famished from the perils they had,
But relief soon reached them from Papeitei,
And the governor sent aid by steamer from Tahiti.

When the sad news reached San Francisco city,
That ever responsive town was filled with grief and
pity,
And quickly raised a fund for the victims of the
cyclone,
In such cases she always has prompt measures of her
own.
To those suffering from flood, famine or conflagration,
No matter *where* the trouble is, in any land or nation,
She is always ready to give a helping hand—
You will not find her equal in any other land.

In generous magnanimity on her hills sublime,
In deeds of charity she is always *first* in line,
And the Lord, the great Jehovah, has inscribed her
name

On His eternal records, in the vellum book of fame.
On her hills of ages she stands in dignity serene,
Admiring nature's beauties and the ships that are
coming in;

We are noting, we approve the chief city of the state,
Her ever ready sympathy with the victims of cruel
fate.

THE BABY POETESS.

I'm just a baby poetess,
In the a b c's of rhyme,
I never can hold a candle,
To the bards sublime.

If you are wanting to drink
From the well that's deep,
You must draw with the bucket
That hangs from the sweep.

But the clear, murmuring stream,
Draped by the elm's limb,
You may stoop right down and drink,
From the brooklet's rim.

The mariner loves to hear
The loud sounding roar,
As the foaming breakers dash
On the ocean's shore.

They *all* love the rippling rill,
The gay, old and young,
For well they know that lisping,
Laughing, baby tongue.

To the seas the brooks will run,
To augment the roar,
The baby poetess adds a line,
To the volumes of lore.

DEATH OF McKINLEY.

'Twas at Buffalo's exhibition,
A very grand display,
The choicest products of all the land,
A gorgeous array.

There the nation's executive came,
His people for to greet,
And honor with his voice and presence,
That gathering complete.

Great crowds, rich and poor alike, came there,
Some came from other climes,
To see art and science and the man
Most noted of the times.

A recreant came in friendly guise,
And greeting, reached his hand
To the nation's chosen, the leader,
And highest in the land.

An ominous, fearful sound was heard,
The harbinger of death,
The President fell with mortal wound,
And laboring for breath.

The good man, the devoted husband,
No power on earth could save,
But lingering here a short space of time,
To God his spirit gave.

And when near to the end of his life,
He bid them all adieu,
In God's care he left his chosen one,
That good man kind and true.

At peace with God and the world he died,
In deep tranquility,
A glorious song was in his mouth:
"Nearer my God to Thee."

The neighbors near were all horrified,
Their flags were drooping low,
The shock of that fearful tragedy
Had filled their hearts with woe.

There was a message came from Edward,
That good king on the throne;
He expressed the nation's sympathy,
With tenderness his own.

The Russian bear wore a sombre look,
In gloom he bowed his head,
I and my people send condolence,
That is what Adam said.

France sends you her most profound regrets,
The lillies they turned pale,
We are sad, but for the dead and gone,
'Twill be of no avail.

A long lament came from the Germans,
From William, the inspired,
We're grieved, the great chief of your nation
Should have thus gone, expired.

A wail came from philosophic Greece,
King George was very sad,
We regret your sorrow caused by
The tragedy you've had.

A cloud hung o'er Italia's sunny vails,
Grief sat on Pope Leo's face,
Our sympathy is yours, the vile one
Struck in the highest place.

With national martial pomp and honors,
And flags draped o'er his breast,
With slow tread and sound of muffled drum,
They laid him down to rest.

He sleeps with the illustrious dead,
Where good and great men lay,
Reposing until the trump of God
Shall call them from the clay.

THE NIGHT OF AGONY.

Jesus with His disciples went,
With them He took the sacrament,
Up to the Mount of Olivet,
He went with them to pray,
And tell them things that were to be,
'Twas His last human day,
With sad foreboding came His breath,
He was sorrowful unto death.

Then down into Gethsemane,
For it was the night of agony,
When all the human ills combined,
Came with perplexing dread,
And the extreme of suffering
Had gathered round his head,
In that dark garden's shady gloom
Came fearful dread of mortal doom.

He prayed, Oh, pass this cup from me,
But Father, I submit to Thee,

Again He prayed, if't may not pass,
Father, I'll drink it all,

Thy will be done, I'll take the cup,
The wormwood and the gall,
Jesus was left alone to pray,
Sleeping His loved disciples lay.

A deep sleep had overpowered them,
They could not watch with Jesus then,

The traitor, the betrayer, came,
With him a warlike band

With swords and staves to take the Lord,
No weapon in His hand.

Meekly He gave up to their will,
He who to th' waves said, "Peace; be still."

The seas obeyed the words He said,
And death to Him gave up its dead.

Yet at the hour of fearful doom,
He felt the mortal strife,—

All the human perplexing dread,
When passing out of life.

He cried, "My God, hast thou left me
To a lone doom on Calvary?"

Clothed in black darkness was the sky ;
No star had dared to ope' its eye ;
The sun veiled its shining face
With a dark funereal pall.
'Twas the hour when Christ redeemed us
From Satan's power and thrall.
With crown of thorns they decked His head,
Mocked and wounded for us He bled.

Then He cried aloud, " It is done ;
'Tis finished and salvation won ;
'Tis finished," were the words he said
With His expiring breath.
He paid the penalty of sin,
And triumphed over death ;
Earth was shocked, quaked and trembled,
Rocks rent, and the veil of the temple.

Three days in death's sealed tomb He lay ;
Then the bars burst, the gates gave way.
First of them that slept He arose,
Conqueror of the grave ;
And to all people of the world
He has redemption gave.
Joint heirs now in the Father's love,
A home He prepared for us above.

TO THE MEMORY OF BABY ESTELLE.

I remember her well, her baby days ;
That winsome smile, and her pretty ways ;
I've noticed, children so bright and good
Oft are called hence ere they've reached womanhood —
Too pure for the cares of earth and life,
God calls them home, from a world of strife.

Little Estelle, so lovely and fair,
Among flowers of earth she was most rare ;
Like a rosebud she was growing here,
And then was planted in Heavenly sphere.
Memory keeps the sweet words that hung
Like drops of honey on the childish tongue.

Ev'ry pretty playful turn and cute phrase,
And the many cunning baby ways,—
They're all locked up in memory's cells.
We unlock the casket, in pensive spells ;
We see the bright brown eyes set well apart,—
The true mirrors of the soul and heart.
When we think of her, it always seems
Like thoughts of heaven or angels' dreams.

THE MOJAVE DESERT, OR THE GOLD-
SEEKER'S FATE.

With hope soaring high, they are going on a prospect-
ing tour ;

They would search for the metal which has the charm
to allure ;

They leave the rushing mart of the city, with its loud
din and strife ;

There they laid in ample supplies of the good things of
life ;

They travel o'er hills and vales to the mines on the
border,

Over great mountains, that stand there, forever in
order.

In the light of the campfire at night many stories are
told

Of hunting, fishing, mining and of the nuggets of gold.
Now they are nearing the Mojave, that desert of fame ;
The human bones strewn o'er it gave it a change of its
name :

Death's Valley they are crossing, and find the simoon
at home,
For it has changed all the landmarks in that vale where
it roams.

The horned toad and tarantula have their dwelling
place there ;

Within its hot borders the rattlesnake finds a lair ;
The cactus family is there in their pride, great and
small.

Some lift their heads, like the palm trees, or huge sen-
tinels tall.

They find the alkali water —'tis a death-dealing drink.
Men and horses are suffering — they're on life's edge
and brink.

With hot, burning eyeballs, in th' distance they see a
bright gleam;
Like heav'n, 'tis Canaan to them — the sight of that
glimmering stream;
And they hasten along to rest 'neath the tall willows'
shade,
To drink of the water and find a cool place in the glade.
Oh, horror! where now are the trees? The oasis is
gone.
Fond hope hath fled with the gleam of th' rill; they're
fainting, undone.

That fountain was a will-o'-the-wisp in the flaming hot
air;
With the wings of a phantom, 'twas a delusion and
snare.
Famished, fainting, with fearful thirst, low on the
ground they sink.
Their thoughts of Moses smiting the rock for Israel
to drink.
The elder man turns to hide from the grief in his
partner's eye.
He is waiting, awed with the presence, that now seems
so nigh.

There's a sad one in the desert, left alone with the dead,
And the shade of the mighty shadow floats over his
head.

He begs grace and mercy from heav'n for all wrongs
of the past;

His soul is bare and naked, before his Maker at last;
And he feels he is forgiven; with the Lord he is at
peace;

With the great Father of Love he is pleading for
release.

And now the sweet silvery voices of loved ones he
hears;

And the rippling song of the fountain sounds loud in
his ears;—

'Tis only the prelude, the death song. The angel waits
there

To take his last fleeting breath.—God has answered his
prayer.

From its haunts now comes the simoon to attend ob-
sequies,

For it often buries the dead with sands on the breeze.

But there is a bright vision,—a day dream comes o'er
my brain;

I see dwellings, gardens, trees, flowers and green fields
of grain.

In my vision, streams from the mountains that valley
doth lave;

There's tropical bloom, and date palms their branches
doth wave;

Sands of the desert with the cyclone no longer will sing,
For when laden with water it will deaden their wing.

The sands will nourish fields, vines, and flowers at
home in repose;

Inhaling sweet perfumes of the bells, 'trope, lily and
rose,

I see the gold miner pass without fear through its
borders.

He finds a ready response to th' most extensive orders.
The gay, festive sand storm has fled, gone with the
simoon.

That valley surpasses the gardens of Cal. in its bloom.

THOUGHTS AT THE SEASHORE IN A STORM
WHILE SITTING ON A BANK OF KELP.

Through wind and storm I went to the shore
To see the billows and hear the roar
Of the ocean.

In awful storm-robcs of majesty
Thunders roll, and lightning flashes by,
And th' banks of seaweed and kelp roll'd high
Are in motion.

O, mighty ocean! stupendous thou art;
Thy sublime magnificence fills the heart
With emotion.

Great ships and fleets are as leaves on thy crest;
Navies, like atoms, sail o'er thy breast;
In thy vast floods they cause no unrest
Or commotion.

I said, It is so like human life:
When sometimes by the rush, wrongs and strife
 The heart is oppress'd;
For the hurrying, tumultuous mob
Causes many a heartache and throb,
And of tranquility this life doth rob;—
 We long for rest.

But there is a voice within the soul;
It is like the ocean's tuneful roll,
 'Tis from above.
It comes to us from the heavenly throne,
And the divine will to us makes known.
We are not left on the wild seas alone,
 For God is love.

The towering waves roll back from the land;
They hear and obey the great command:
 Peace, be still.
The thunders cease, lightning leaves the sky;
We feel glad that Thou art nigh;
That all under heav'n is governed by
 Thy divine will.

THE MUSE IN THE VALLEY OF THE
SHADOW OF DEATH.

O sisters of the murmuring stream and the sacred well,
Welcome a tardy one to your sphere of the mystic spell.
Revering I lift thy robe from the soil, bending low;
Oh, to add one line to thy immortal page ere I go!

O muse! forgive one who so late in life climbed into
your fold,
Scaling high wall and fence with heroic effort and bold.
Today I come with my lute tuned on the agonizing
string;
From the late harvest my little sheaf to thy feet I bring.

For thee I'll gather bright flowers from the wintry
stem of woe.
Charming to the exquisite sense they come, blooming
through the snow;
Journeying along the banks of life's turbulent river;
Looking o'er the tide, with longing eye, I sometimes
shiver.—

And there, on its margin, is the shady valley of death ;—
'Tis the haunt of satyrs, hobgoblins and feverish breath,
Doleful foreboding sounds, and dread delirium is there ;
'Tis o'ershadowed by clouds of confusion and dark
despair.

But the eye of faith looks through and beyond the
gloom ;
With fortitude, charity and love we find flowers in
bloom ;
With all its wealth of fragrance the rose of Sharon is
there ;
And by its side the pure lily of the valley so fair.

It borders the vales of Mona, where birds of paradise
throng ;
And over the walls of salvation come volumes of song.
I will lift my voice to God ; but ere I speak He sendeth
aid.
We hear the Lord's voice come o'er the tide, " Be ye
not afraid."

Upholden by the mighty right hand we stem the flood ;
With eye on the cross, following the footprints stained
with blood,
Armed with salvation, the terrors, darkness and doubt
flee away ;
In the light of His love, in death's dark vale there's
brightness of day.

LAKEPORT'S HERO.

SYNOPSIS.

The Captain, his wife and nephew, were tourists here from the city some years ago. The Captain rented a boat from Captain Bundy, who told him to be careful, as it was likely to be squally. The Captain scouted the idea and compared the Lake to a mud pond. He carelessly fastened the sail and a squall struck the boat and upset it before he could get the sail unfastened. The first time his wife came up he told her to hold on to the boat, but she was frightened and sank. He dived down and brought her up and told her once more to hold on; she sank again and he brought her up almost lifeless. It happened just as described in the poem. I saw the upset boat myself, and the whole affair. The Captain's wife was young. They were both fine singers.

Dr. Downs, Jr., had an office in the Owl Drug Store in San Francisco. I saw Biggi, the goldsmith, "skilled to trace," last week.

On Uncle Sam the sun shone bright,
The day was calm and fair;
Tall Mount Hannah, from her fragrant brow,
Gave perfume to the air.
Those two looked on the placid lake;
They neither wore a frown;
To water lilies at their feet
Their gaze turned calmly down.

A captain and the mate of his life
Went out to take a sail.
A sage old prophet said, "Take care;
I fear winds will prevail."
With smile of scorn he made reply:
"I've plowed the raging deep;
Your little lake with mountains round
Seems always half asleep."

With happy hearts on that bright morn
They pulled out from the pier;
Friends on the piazza gave to them
A merry *bon voyage* cheer.
Enjoying the scenery they sailed,
With light breeze up and down.
Nature seemed hushed and beautiful;
Her face without a frown.

After a while they saw Uncle Sam
With clouds upon his brow;
And Hannah, with a vapory cloak,
Is looking gloomy now.
The winds blown from their misty tops
Sound like the ocean surge;
And whirling down upon the lake
With wail-like funereal dirge.

A wild blast struck the little craft,
Which sent her on her side;
The captain with wife and nephew
Went down into the tide.
They soon came up from th' waters deep.
The boy secured a hold,
And trying hard to right the boat,
The captain brave and bold.

The young wife, sinking the third time,
The captain seized her hair,
And with his arm he held her up,
His loved one young and fair,
And shouted lustily for aid,
For he was filled with fear.
People thought 'twas noisy children;
None to his voice gave ear.

Till a mother, watching for her own,
Gave the alarming cry.
A crowd went running to the shore;
A young man standing by
With winged speed jumped into a boat,—
A little cockle shell.
With skill of a scienced oarsman
The boat he managed well.

He lost no time, he soon got there,
And grasped her tresses braid,
And pulled the death-like form on board,
And started quick for aid.
To th' Downs' residence they brought her
A doctor most renowned ;
And with skill of active science,
Administered by Downs.

The tide of life returned slowly ;
With smiles she ope'd her eye,
And heard a sweet voice in her ear,
Her loved one sitting by.
"They," when life fully had returned,
Sang a glorious song ;
For with her other talents there was
A tuneful voice among.

Lakeport, in esteem for valor, gave
To th' gallant hero bold
A medal, with his name inscribed
And chased in finest gold.
The medal was made by Biggi,
A goldsmith skilled to trace ;
He put the record of the deed
On th' medal's gleaming face.

From the fair one whom he saved there came
A golden watch most fine ;
With gems 'twas sparkling, a " perfect "
Chronometer of time ;
'Twas a token of gratitude
For deed so prompt and brave.
Wrote on memory's page is the scene,
Where Clear Lake waters lave.

A LOVER'S RHAPSODY.

O Lulu, my own dear Lulu!
Where art thou gone?
Not in the bower?
Not on the lawn?
Of my life thou 'rt the flower.
My heart's delight is my Lulu.

O Lulu, my life, my Lulu!
Gone to the shore
For only one moon,—
'Tis an age, 'tis more.
Oh! that I forever might roam
With Lulu, my soul, my Lulu!

O Lulu, my joy, my Lulu!
That shore is divine,
And lovely the sea;
There is, Lulu, sublime,
The loveliest vision to me.
An angel's dream is my Lulu!

SCOTLAND.

'Tis the land of cataract and dell;
Of lakes and mountain towers;
With borders washed by the ocean swell;
A land of ferns and flowers.

And the nightingale's clear tuneful song
Wakes the slumbering morn;
The lark adds music from the clouds among,
By piping loud his horn.

And zephyrs to you the place will tell,
Where fragrant heathers bloom;
The wild briar rose and sweet bluebell,
And the golden yellow broom.

For in Mona's spreading gardens fair,
In valleys and in dells,
Nature pours sweet vials on the air,—
A land where perfume dwells.

'Tis the shrine of devotional prayer ;
Home of the talents fine ;
The haunt of the genius is there,
With the poet's song sublime.

Wherever the Scottish men collect,
In town or mountain glen,
There is none with brighter intellect
Among the sons of men.

THE INDIAN I MET ON THE LONESOME WILDS.

When Lake County was new, the roads were mostly
trails,
And once a week on horseback they brought in the
mails;
The country was picturesque, beautiful and wild;
The scenery grand, fascinating to nature's child;
Mountains lofty, covered with chaparral and pines,
The valleys clothed in green, the trees draped in vines.

I went to spend a week with a friend in the spring,
For her husband had gone to the city to bring
Home to his forge a load of iron and coal to burn.
It would take a whole week to go there and return,
Our amusement was chiefly in calling on friends.
The birds, bees and flowers to us pleasure lends.

My hostess was busy one morning making *café*
We were going to a neighbor's to spend the day;
I said: "To th' wild commons I'll go for Jersey, the
cow;
We can sooner be ready to go, I allow."
The scenery was lovely, and the morning was fair;
The birds sang so sweetly, and fragrance fill'd the air.

I crossed over the bridge, and was trilling a song
As under the oak trees, by the creek, I hurried along.
When suddenly, Oh horror! my heart seemed to fail,
For an Indian met me right there on the trail;
And he stood stock still, like a statue of clay;
Like a cloud he darkened the sun and the day.

He wore nature's garb, like Adam before the fall,
And was of gigantic stature, large and very tall;
He said, "Huh, huh;" his voice a kind of guttural
sound.

I was shocked and nearly fainted on the ground.
His long unkempt hair down upon his shoulders fell;
I turned and fled, like a fawn or a wild gazelle.

I ran back to the house and told of the Indian wild,
How he looked so hard at me and never smiled.
My friend said: "Oh! I thought you knew of the
rancheria,
At the foot of the mountain, 'mid the manzanita.
They are not savage; the one you met in the path
On his way to the creek, perhaps, for his morning
bath."

I went no more among trees where the Jersey did
 roam;

For in the course of an hour she as usual came home.
Later that day, as the sun sank low in the west,
We saw a number of Indians all gaily dressed;
The dusky maidens with bright silk kerchiefs on their
 heads,
And gay shawls draped around them in blue, black and
 red.

Those dusky brown people always seemed gentle and
 kind;

To deeds of violence they were seldom inclined.
There are very few rancherias in this country today;
They with the Indians are passing away.
There's few of them to be seen around the lakeshore;
The place that once knew them soon will know them no
 more.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The President has set Thanksgiving Day
For the nation to praise, thank God and pray
For the mighty benefits of the year.
Praise and rejoice with gratitude sincere,
For the Lord is bountiful, it is true ;
He sent us rain showers and the ev'ning dew.
Earth's yield is abundant for man and beast.
Let joy and thanksgiving be at your feast.

Full are the barns, storehouse and granary ;
We are blessed with the peach, plum and appletree ;
Berries were abundant, the season was fine ;
Now comes the rich fruit of the pumpkin vine ;
Of the grapes the birds in a song can tell,
For they have feasted and know the flavor well.
The busy bees for sweets know where to go,
Loaded with honey they come flying low.

We're blest with plenty in most every line,—
Beef, veal cutlets and mutton are fine;
The fat hog comes in with bacon and ham;
Equally good are the chops from the lamb;
The turkeys are fat and gobbling loud;
Geese, ducks and chickens come in with the crowd.
For all these things thank the Lord, God, that day;
Lift up your voice to Him, and gratefully pray.

They all come from the plastic Hand of love;
Thanksgiving is due at His throne above.
In the exuberance of your joy and mirth,
Remember the sick and weak ones of earth.
It is right to think of the Deity,
Of the fullness of love on Calvary.
His loving kindness is on every hand;
He has scattered blessings throughout the land.

The sun gives praise in th' glory of its might;
The moon takes up the wondrous theme at night;
The stars adore Him at the close of day;
There's a twinkling song in the milky way;
In their sphere they magnify His glory.
Shall the children of men be less adoring?
To celebrate the day is just and right;
'Tis the nation's in patriotic light.

THE MOTHER'S GOOD-BYE.

To the memory of a friend.

I'm wandering to-day through the fields of the past,
Thou wert of my friends, one of the brightest and best,
I think of our happy homes where we often met,
In that country dell where the sun in beauty set;
For we lived not far apart, near the mountains grand,
Those giant sentinels watching o'er the land.

Often in pensive moments and in days of pain,
Pleasant thoughts come to me of my dear friend Mary
Jane.

Now she has gone to her rest, in heaven above,
After a life of usefulness, charity and love;
And always submitting to the will of her God,
For there were some bereavments in the path that she
trod.

In her later years sickness came a guest to stay,
Clouding somewhat the bright sunshine of her day.
Four of her little children, so lovely and dear,
Had gone from the shores of time to the heavenly
sphere,
And then, her life companion was taken, and gone,
God called him away, his work on earth was done.

As her life was beautiful, so to her came death,
With loved ones near she returned to God her breath;
A slight cough, as she came out from the dining hall
The tissues of life gave way, she was about to fall,
Then to the children around she raised her eye,
And through a crimson stain said her latest good-bye.

Done was the journey of life and folded the hands,
Gone to rest, severed were all earthly ties and bands;
Gone to meet friends and dear ones that had gone
before,
She sees angel white hands beckoning from the shore,
Among the little band she cherished so well
Is the beautiful, loving hearted baby Stell.

E'er long we will sleep near, when I've laid down my
head,
Passed the marble door to the city of the dead,
There among the moslems of that silent city,
Pleasant thought! There is no need of human pity,
For our Lord has triumphed over death, there is no
gloom,
There we will rest, till His voice calls us from the
tomb.

TO LILY.

A voice that's low and musical;
Dark as night your hair;
Thine eyes are like diamonds sparkling;
Your face is bright and fair.

Like the lily of the valley,
Emblem of purity;
Learn in youth your duties, "and trust"
In God's security.

In return for gifts God gave you,
Do good deeds every day;
And He will give you happiness,
Plant flowers along your way.

A FEW LINES FROM MY RIGHT HAND.

I had complained to the muse one day ;
I told her where all my troubles lay.
How my right hand had gone back on me ;
It refused to give me food, you see.
Then that weak right hand with trembling said :
“ I'll work for you with pencil of lead ;
Some poems I'll write, I surely will ;
I'll do them well for your rippling rill.

“Remember the words your fond mother said,
E'er she was laid on her last low bed :
' The hand of the 'diligent, 'tis true,
Will bring wealth without sorrow to you.'
That left hand can give you bread and tea ;
And I'll work with pencil on your knee ;
For it will not trace a line to thrill ;
It cannot write for the rippling rill.”

And there close by this right hand, the muse,
I'll write from her diction what she choose ;
I will write some from the book of God,
That will lift the soul from this groveling sod.
I've got many an unfinished verse ;
With health I'll finish them, and rehearse ;
I'll speak of our mocking bird's morning trill ;
I'll tell of him in the rippling rill.

I'll write of what is and what has been,
With beautiful thoughts the leaves between.
I'll tell how the Indian mother fell,
Of her wild despair and dying yell.
The muse will fly and float o'er Tulare ;
She will tell you what they're doing there.
Good love stories I'll put in to fill,—
There'll be a few in the rippling rill.

I'll tell of mountains, dells, flowers and trees ;
Tales of shipwreck and the stormy seas ;
About catastrophies that I knew,
More thrilling than fiction, it is true.
'Tis fact, the never-slumbering eye of love
Watches o'er me from heaven above.
My trust is in His unerring will,
I may not have time for the rippling rill.

TO MY FRIEND, MRS. S. K. WELCH.

My friend, while walking 'mid the trees
Of her bright garden bowers,
With kind thought she remembered me,
And plucked a bunch of flowers.

They were choice ones that she cherished;
Some buds were very rare;
Gleaming with morning dewdrops,
Their odors filled the air.

She grouped them with some fragrant leaves,
And with my favorite rose,
And from her fuchsia vines she plucked
The brightest flower that grows.

She tied them with a string of silk,
Of deep pure azure blue,
And brought them all to me, dear friend,
With heart so kind and true.

With beaming smile upon her face,
She placed them near the chair,
Where years of pain my steps have chained
To invalid's couch or chair.

Remember thee! Remember thee!

 Until I've left the clay,
And gone to the eternal shores
 Of everlasting day

Where I shall hope to meet my friend
 In the bright realms above,
Where we can pluck perennial flowers
 In gardens of His love ;

And roam through the heavenly bowers,
 Where angels love to tread ;
Where pain and sorrow enters not,
 And there's no aching head.

But roaming in the heavenly climes,
 With the redeemed and blest,
And with joyful tranquility,
 Blest with eternal rest.

TO POETRY.

As I stood on the mountainside,
There came a clear loud song ;
It filled my soul with melody,
That good voice, clear and strong.

Beautiful thoughts there came to me :
My mother's lullaby.
Far up on that green mountainside
My thoughts went to the sky.

On my right the roaring cañon,
Betwixt the giant hills ;
Below the beautiful valley,
There's where the songbird trills.

The birds, hills, sky and poetry,
And the sweet-voiced singer,
Turned all my thoughts to the muses ;
I with them would linger.

Thoughts of the famous poets came,
While on that mountain dell ;
And of the gems they left to us,—
I love them all so well.

I know that I am unworthy
To hold the link for them ;
I fain would be the trainbearer,
To lift their garment's hem.

I would pick up the words that fell
Like drops of honey dew ;
I'd store them in my memory,
I'd treasure up a few.

I'd like to be with Sigourney
And Hemans on a cloud ;
With some others at the concert
We would sing long and loud.

When I am near the end of life,
And I've laid down my head,
I would the sounds of poetry
Were floating o'er my bed.

Oh! give me the muse of poetry,
Instead of noisy mirth ;
'Twill lift my soul far up above
The griefs and cares of earth.

For 'tis a gift that comes from God,
Gift of immortal fame,
To soothe and cheer us on our way,
To praise His holy name.

TO CALLA.

Like sunbeams that come with morning,
When rose and flower were in bloom,
Nature had donned bright garments,
She came with the fragrance of June.

With her low sweet voice and laughter,
That filled my heart with thrills,
Her teeth are white as ivory
And her smile like rippling rills.

Eyes like stars in the ether blue;
Bright and fair as a rose, her face;
With a form that rivals Clytie
In loveliness and every grace.

I think of her tact and system,
The even tenor of her way;
And her beauty-loving spirit,
Well read in the lore of today.

Often in twilight's quiet hour
I can hear the low sweet strain,
The cadence of that silvery voice
Clings in the boudoirs of my brain.

METHUSELAH.

He lived nine hundred years and sixty nine.
God gave to him a long expanse of time,
Methinks, as a reward for good deeds done ;
Otherwise could he have such favors won.
You will find this record in the book,
In the fifth commandment, if you will look :
Honor thy father and thy mother, dear,
That you may long have your dwelling here.

'Tis evident that he, like his father good,
Had kept in the straight path of rectitude.
A harrowing poem there came to me,
For it was not the kind I like to see.
From the pen of a man devout it came,
Two capital D's stood back of his name ;
He likened my antediluvian friend
To a saurian huge on distant strand.

Oblivious of tracks, save that he died ;
Blank the page of his life in this world wide ;
Could he not find a likeness better than,
For the worthy son of a Godly man,
An ancient decayed and moss-grown log ;
Or perhaps a gigantic fossil frog.
Ye bards, at conclusions don't jump, I pray ;
Of the old man, some kind word find to say.

Methinks I see him, lead a rural life,
With his brother man he's never at strife;
To stranger guests he's very kind and good;
With generosity supplies them food.
His beverage is milk of goats and kine.
Did he ever use the fermented wine?
His drink was from the stream, the brook and well;
He never drank juice of the zinfandel.

I pray explain this to me if you can:
Think you if he was not a goodly man?
Would the Lord, our God, have let him stayed
All those long years on this terrestrial glade?
If he had gone in that wild pace that slays,
Don't you think it would have shortened his days?
If spent in dissipation, youth and prime,
Would he live nine hundred years and sixty-nine?

Friend devout, my ideas I don't abridge,
For I really think it was sacrilege
To compare God, omnipotent, divine,
To a mortal man of this earthly clime.
Altho' in his Creator's image, he
Was not perfect, without iniquity.
There is no man equal to the Nazarene,—
The most perfect One on this sphere terrene.

As chanter on the bugle, he failed, I fear,
His own trumpet blast was not very clear.
In the newness of that uncrinkled age,
Few were the letters on the day-book page.
I think him to the aged kind and true,
To father and mother gave honor due.
He anticipated the good command
Ere the tablets were wrote by the Mighty Hand.

His offspring to him were so kind and good;
The earth produced for all abundant food.
In his later years with strength he placed
A leathern girdle around his waist.
Bards, acclaim in every line ye trace,
For he's the champion of the Godly race.
The trophy worn so long with dignity
He'll wear through all time to eternity.

TO EDNA.

A few lines to a young lady after a noonday call on the invalid poetess.

A sunbeam came on a call to-day,
That was brighter than a morning ray,
When the sun was at its noonday splendor,
She came with pleasant voice and smile so tender.
A vision of beauty was the darling girl,
Her teeth are whiter than the ocean's pearl,
Her face Carraraian marble white,
With lovely tints of the rose bud bright.

A voice so musical I've seldom heard,
It was sweeter than a singing bird,
And her bright, sparkling eyes I'm sure,
Are the windows of a soul that's pure.
Endowed with every grace and she so young,
The law of kindness is on her tongue,
And I will always hope that she may
Find flowerets growing along life's way.

TO SANTA CLAUS.

Christmas had come and I sat in my cot all alone,
I was thinking of bright, happy days that were gone,
Then Santa Claus came in at my door,
In his arms a great box he bore;
Which I soon begun to explore,
I found it a variety store,
You are very kind Santa Claus, Santa Claus dear,
How can I thank you Santa, my eyes are in tears.

Santa sent it o'er seas and rivers from the south,
Laden with love and kindness it came to my house,
In the box was a beautiful shawl,
That I did not expect at all.
'Twas a light cerulean blue,
The loveliest in shade or hue,
There was many nice little things stored in among
That filled my heart with rapture and my mouth with
song.

There was choice candies from the sunny land of
France,
And fine fruit of the tropics Santa did advance,
Books in that noted box there came,
They were filled with the poet's fame;
They were stamped and gilded with gold,
And were so lovely to behold,
Santa Claus, you're like an angel in the land,
When to every good child you reach out your hand.

In that most wonderful box there was stored for me,
Beautiful things that came across the China sea,
And there were magazines to read—
Stories that was quite good, indeed,
And there was lovely China ware,
That had been packed with skill and care,
Santa Claus brought me so much delight that day,
The muse, so enraptured, came down with me to
stay.

And now that child is with me the whole day long,
She drives away all care with voice of her song,
'Twas Christmas, nineteen hundred and two,
Then my first song I wrote, 'tis true,
Poems to friends that thought of me,
For sickness chains me to a chair you see ;
I'm happy now with muse and pencil of lead,
The whole day long I write when not on couch or
 bed,
So you see God sent by Santa Claus that muse to me,
I will praise His name through time to eternity.

JAPAN.

Some trouble they've had way down in the East,
Which the clergy could not assuage in the least,
The Boxers were fighting and knocking about,
So the powers went there and joined in the rout.
With that motley crowd came brave men from Japan,
Justice, their motive to the neighboring man,
Uncle Sam, he was there, gigantic and tall,
All ready to step over every thing small.

The Lion appeared not so prominent there,
He was way off on some business elsewhere,
The powers made a leader of Von Waldersee,
He was the boss of that very famous melee.
Adam said, he was there, that giant so tall,
That old Bear would take the great slice from them all,
But echoes were heard, "There'll be no partitions made,
'Twas the Lion emitted that sound from his head.

That mongrel crowd filled the Mikado with fear
About his reception if they should draw near,
So he invited the unicorn there with his gad,
'Twas all on account of the trouble they had.
The Mikado, pleased with his guests, made them a bow,
Fired a salute and said there they come now,
The Lion was standing outside in the road,
They knew he was able to carry the load.

The prowlers and vultures he'd make them all quail,
And drive them away with a lash of his tail,
So Japan isn't out in the cold or alone,
But has all the pleasures and comforts of home.
They're building their fences and making them strong,
With open eyes watching that things don't go wrong,
Happy the Czar making a song, lyric or lay,
For he's the most tuneful of monarchs they say.

The brave men of Japan are busy indeed,
They're building their ships and their ramparts with
 speed,
In civilization they've come up with the tides ;
There's none of the nations that's making such strides.
They have the enjoyment of pleasure, you see,
Happy in neighborly peace and tranquility,
To the Flowery Kingdom and azure sky,
I will now say "bon voyage" and bid you good-bye.

TO A SCHOOLGIRL.

She plucked a bunch of lilies,
On the mountain side for me,
There they grow in beauty's fragrance
Where the birds sing loud and free.

She brought them in the morning,
Looking like the queen of day,
With footsteps tripping so lightly,
Like her own pet fawn at play.

Beautiful as a dark cloud,
Is her long waving hair,
Eyes that are blue as pansies,
Like lilies her face is fair.

Her voice is clear and musical,
More sweet than the violin,
Above the charms of face or form,
Is the soul that dwells within.

LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN UPON THY
WRATH.

In this world so filled with sunshine,
Where daisies and flowers bloom,
There are also weeds and thistles,
We should not give them room.

For the weeds will fill our garden,
Kill every flower that grows,
We should dig out, exterminate,
And cultivate the rose.

We should not let our anger grow,
Hate, malice, pride or scorn,
And keep no phials filled with wrath,
Let love all hearts adorn.

Let them all be filled with sweetness,
With honey and with oil,
And God will increase our blessings
When He sees th' perfect foil.

Let not anger burn for ever,
Wave high the flag of truce,
Set sails of white winged kindness,
Man your good ship with truth.

Repeal'd be the old embargo,
Get out from the sea of hate,
Don't go drifting round forever
Like a derelict of fate.

Thoughts of anger put far away,
The hatchet bury it in the soil,
In the forgotten graveyard,
In oblivion cover with toil.

Let not the sun, the moon and stars,
On your wrath go down ;
Don't mar your pleasant features,
By wearing of a frown.

You should never cherish vengeance,
'Tis an attribute of God,
Let justice, good will and kindness,
Inspire your every thought.

Don't let the heavenly firmament,
Go down on your day of spleen,
Remove that gloomy canopy,
By true charity serene.

MY JERSEY COW DANDY.

I'm fond of milk and also cream,
My Jersey cow she was a dream,
Her coat was shining, soft as silk,
She gave me two pails full of milk.
One I got in the morning light,
The other came full every night.

She went to pasture all alone,
And every evening she came home,
And stood by her gate keeping guard—
Her stall was in our joining yard;
A neighbor coming in one day,
“Came for short,” past her barn of hay.

The cow couldn't endure such a turn,
From her gate the woman did spurn,
With her head down she made a charge,
And pushed away that woman large,
Who woke the echoes far and wide,
When in loud, fearful voice she cried.

A man came running with a broom,
Then order was restored full soon,
But that cow in pride went to her place,
A look of triumph on her face;
I can assure you, tell you now
She was a first-class business cow.

Once in the pasture where she roamed,
The gate shut she could not come home,
A careless hand had locked her in,
All night her roaring made a din,
At night in her place she was not there,
I looked around in some despair.

That careless man at dawn of day,
Op'd wide the barriers in the way,
Then the cow in her joy and pride,
Came gall'ping home with giant stride;
She looked up with satisfied air,
As if to say I'm here, I'm here.

FIRST DAY OF APRIL, 1903.

We had all kinds of weather; hail, rain and snow, with
thunder and lightning and two or three lovely rainbows.
I saw them from my window when writing this poem.

I hear Jehovah's voice from afar,
His chariot is passing by,
Loud thunders like the roar of war,
Red lightning flashes in the sky.

'Tis a regular April day,
For sunshine, shower and storm you see,
Clouds of gloom and a sunny ray,
Songs of birds in the budding tree.

From over the towering mountain crown
Comes a scene so lovely and fair,
Amid leafy trees it goes down,
The sheen of its beauty was rare.

It came with all its gorgeous hues,
The rainbow in colors so bright,
Of crimson flowering, gold and blues,
A token from the world of light.

THE RIVER.

I sat beside the river,
To watch the sails go by,
'Twas in the balmy gloaming,
The sun had left the sky.

She left a radiant gleaming,
Crimson and blue and gold,
Mellowed brightness on the sky
And river as it rolled.

I was lost in contemplation,
Of the beauty of th' scene,
The ships, boats and the many craft,
That plied that busy stream.

Some fine, large barks with sails all set
Were going out to sea,
They all seemed joyous and happy,
The winds blew fair and free.

As I sat musing on the ships,
That had gone out before,
There was some of them that never
Returned to the shore.

I thought of a widow and child,
Neighbors they used to be,
More than twenty years before,
The husband had gone to sea.

Through all those long dreary years,
She walked through life alone,
Always with sad, expectant air,
She was looking for him home.

But the captain never did return,
His ship was lost at sea,
Such is the way of life to-day,
The morrow is mystery.

SING SONG EPH.

'Twas on the lordly Mississippi,
That river grand and wide,
I took passage on the "Bell Vadeer,"
The captain's joy and pride.
With cotton she was heavy laden,
Above the decks piled high,
They'd a merry crew of roustabouts,
Their songs went to the sky.

Sing Song Eph. was with the stevedores,
His clear voice high and low,
His face, black as shining ebony,
His heart was white as snow.
Oft he would stand upon the capstan,
To lead the thrilling song,
His comrades came in with the chorus,
In volume, loud and long.

On deck he'd trip the light fantastic,
In mazey dance would go,
And he would gyrate and genuflect,
Upon his heel and toe.
For passengers he'd play the banjo,
And instruments with strings,
Which with his manner and tuneful voice,
Applause and coin would bring.

A lady passenger with a child,
Boarded the "Bell Vadeer,"
The boat was so heavily laden,
She came aboard with fear.
To see her husband she was going ;
With sickness lying low,
In the famous town of New Orleans,
There she was bound to go.

Sing Song Eph. carried the child aboard.
Like a choice flower from a vase,
Her golden curls were blowing freely,
Around his ebony face.
The child was like a morning sunbeam,
On board the "Bell Vadeer,"
Eph, with the men stood by the taffrail,
His voice tuned low and clear.

The "Bell Vadeer" got a fearful shock,
A moment she stood still,
Instantly her course was turned to shore,
For she began to fill.
The crew wild with terror wept and prayed,
They knew not what to do,
Eph. with the clear sweetness of his voice
Brought order to that crew.

He started up a soul-stirring lay,
His good voice, loud and strong,
Which soon soothed the panic of the men,
And they joined in the song.
In that fearful shock a picture fell,
It struck the woman's head,
They carried her fainting from the deck,
They feared that life had fled.

The boats soon were manned and put for shore,
A few swam through the tide,
The woman restored looked wildly round,
Oh, where's my child! she cried.
Among all those who were saved on shore,
They could not see the child,
Then turning, looked to the sinking ship,
The mother's grief was wild.

They saw Eph. with the child, wrench a door,
And jump into the flood,
Then a loud explosion burst the ship
And Eph. was stained with blood.
He brought the child up from the deep,
And placed her on the door,
Quickly a boat came to their rescue,
Which took them to the shore.

But Eph. was bleeding, killed, and fainting,
Done was life's journey now.
The child's mother with her white hand wiped
The death damp from his brow.
Eph. is gone to sing with heavenly choir,
Before God's throne above,
Where he plays on bright stringed instruments,
And the banjo of his love.

THE WILD FLOWERS.

A few lines written on a bright spring day to a young lady friend, telling her where the wildflowers grow, Lakeport, Cal.:

Spring is here with its vivid hues of green,
The landscape and lake has a brighter sheen,
Orchards are wearing their holiday attire,
There's strains of music sweeter than harp or lyre;
For the birds are singing in the tree tops high,
Nature has put her winter garments by;
In vernal spring the earth is fair and bright,
A shadow of heaven, the world of light.

I'll tell you where the flowers are growing wild,
You may gather some there for me, my child,
The bluebells and the golden buttercups grow
On the hillsides high and the valleys low;
The chimesal lilies live on the mountain side,
In beauty and fragrance they've honest pride;
A source of pleasure to the old and young,
Some trees are with fantastic tassels hung.

Go for a walk on a bright, balmy day,
You will find the flowers along the way.
When you have climbed the hill or mountain fair,
You may sit and rest on nature's chair.
Look round and see the evidence of love
Fresh from the plastic hand of the One above,
He made the hills and mountains grand and good,
Forest, desert and the inspiring solitude.

While pondering there, think of Bethlehem's plains,
Where the shepherds heard the heavenly strains,
Let your mind dwell on the glorious star
Which guided the wise men from afar,
To where the Lord, the Great Redeemer lay,
With the beasts of the stall, among the hay,
When you've thought of the Nazarene,
The most perfect love that has ever been—

Then behold the beauties of nature spread,
With the cerulean canopy overhead ;
It was God made them all, the land and seas,
The firmament and shining pleiads.
Now you have rested on the hills of God,
On the homeward way you're going to plod,
You'll see some gorgeous flowers bright and gay,
And you might pluck some for that bouquet.

Get all the colors, red, blue and white,
Their odors and beauty are my delight,
You'll find the eschscholtzias there in pride,
With many others growing near their side.
Cull a few leafy, fragrant sprays of green,
For they will give the flowers a brighter sheen.
In the vale the wild, sweet briar rose
In its perfume, pride and beauty grows.

The rice flowers and the flags, it is true,
Are growing in profusion white and blue;
You'll find some growing near the brooklet's rim,
Of some flowering shrub get a twig or limb.
There's lovely bushes near the orchard border,
Arrange them all with care and order,
Bring the flowers when you feel inspired
To your friend that is so weak and tired.

THE SUN.

A few lines to the sun, after a snowstorm we had in Lakeport in February, 1903:

O beautiful sun inspiring,
Can I describe thy glory?
The frost king has visited us,
His tracks are at our doorway;
There's lacy pictures on the pane,
Gleaming white and flowery.

Thou, like a bridegroom going forth
In gorgeous palace car,
The brightness of that headlight,
Goes through all the world afar;
In the terrestrial heavens
Thine equal none there are.

The frost king bows down before thee,
Dissolved is the frigid grasp,
The snow fields in thy presence
Are soon a thing of the past,
And clothed in bright vernal green,
They hold our vision fast.

In thy welcome radiant beams
All the captive brooks and rills
Go with laughter on their way
Through the valleys and the hills;
The burs, no more in fetters bound,
Loud sounds the water mill.

The flowers that were dead and buried
Underneath the winter snow
In thy warm, genial breath
Are reviving and in blow;
Rich odors fill hills and valleys,
Among the grass they grow.

To earth's remotest bound is felt
Thy electric power and rays,
It goes through seas and rivers,
And through all the many bays.
The streams rejoice in thy glory,
And gorged arctic's briny ways.

Traveling icebergs that go floating
Like huge islands in the seas,
Menacing life, ships and fishes,
On the stormy ocean lees,
In the zenith of thy glory
Thou'rt conqueror of these.

All nature is decked in beauty
By thy magic, vernal spell,
Thou hast brought the leaf and bloom,
Birds are singing glad to tell
To all their friends and new found chums
Of a most lovely dell.

Where they, in love's musical bliss,
May build their nests in a tree,
And wake echoes with their songs,
And raise their young progeny,
Far from haunts of the cruel gun,
To carol wild and free.

But the dust, the ashes of the tomb,
No sun or showers can resurrect the human clod,
Wher'er the atoms may be scattered,
In seas or oceans or beneath the sod,
They are waiting for the Lord Jesus,
The trumpet sound of God.

THE LORD OF THE VINEYARD.

What have you done with the gifts,
The Lord gave to you?
Can you return with interest
His account that's due?
Health with many a blessing
The sunshine and shade,
Those are the gifts with others,
Which His hand has made.

You can hear the singing birds,
And see blooming flowers,
The beautiful hills and vales,
And the mountain towers.
When the vineyards Lord returns—
To Him can you pay,
The talent He gave to you
When He went away?

What can you answer the Lord
On that awful day
When the earth shall melt in flames
And time's passed away?
When the great judge on the throne
Asks what did you do
With the tuneful voice and tongue
That I gave to you?

Are you going to answer,
With your head bent low :
I sang a sweet melody
To the babe, you know,
A cup of cold water clear,
I gave to the child,
When with a burning fever
It was raging wild.

Can you then say to the Lord,
To the sick I go,
Listening to the voice you gave,
They forgot their woe ;
In my weakness so puny
By thy love made strong,
I soothed them with kind words and
A glorious song.

Then with face of beaming light,
God will say now do
Come to Me for I've laid up
A bright crown for you.
Sit with saints at My right hand,
With the joyous throngs,
To lead them in the chorus,
And sing angel songs.

Are you watching and waiting
The Lord's returning,
With your house in order and your
Lamps trimmed and burning?
Blessed are they that are ready,
And not found sleeping,
Heirs of Christ, glory, with no
Sorrow or weeping.

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